

# The Eerie Call

By  
Augustus Goodrich Sherwin

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"How eerie!" shuddered Constance Merrill.

"Worse than that!" growled her father. "We would be doing something else beside grubbing along as we are, if the man who owns, or owned that rickety old place played me square."

"I have heard mother hint at something of that sort," said Constance, "but she never went into details."

"No, it is a tabooed subject," responded her father. "Sorry it has come up now. You ought to know as much as we do, though, so you can join in hating the Russell family."

"Oh, papa! It is wicked to hate anybody."

"Not old Jim Russell!" declared her father volubly. "You must know that the specious old scoundrel got into my confidence. I had just inherited ten thousand dollars. He induced me to trust the funds with him. He said he had twenty thousand dollars to put with it and buy a piece of city property at a great bargain that he could later turn for fifty. I trusted him. I was dazzled. Within a week he and his family, son and wife, disappeared, bag and baggage, and have never been heard of since. We found out later that his old house here was mortgaged to the limit, so much so, that the mortgagee has just let it stand there and rot away, for no one would buy it."

"They say it is haunted," suggested Constance.

"John Russell ought to be, if he has any conscience!" retorted Mr. Merrill bitterly. "He spoiled my life!"

Russell's place had stood unoccupied for five years. It was on a side road and out of the regular course of travel. Constance had not seen it half a dozen times in her life. Now, having heard its story, she was interested. She took occasion to ask an older friend about it.

"There was a mystery," the latter informed her. "I felt sorry for Mrs. Rus-

sell, piercing the heavy blanket of noxious, cumbrous greenery.

Constance was about to leave the gruesome wreck of a home when she started, halted and turned in a flash. A creepy awesome sensation held her in momentary thrall. A strange thing had happened.

Clang—clang! A bell had sounded forth two cracked, somber notes. Whence? Surely near at hand, for the air quivered. By whose hands? No human being was in sight.

Clang—clang! She paused, about to hasten from the spot, so strong was the spell of uncanniness. Then she discovered that the bell must be in the belfry of the old granary. Employed to call in the farm hands in the olden days, why had it sounded now?

She could see the slats in the belfry vibrate, in fact the whole structure shook visibly. The denuded doorway of the granary below showed no dangling rope. Her senses curdled. Then she bent her ear keenly, awake to a new manifestation.

"Help!"

The word was faint and muffled. It surely came from the belfry or its near vicinity. It was repeated.

Then a moan, low, pitiful, despairing, and then all was still.

"I mustn't be superstitious—I will be brave!" Constance told herself, but her tone quavered. Yet she approached the granary. The bell and the voice were no longer in evidence. Had it been all a superstitious delusion? She crossed to where some stairs ran up to the second floor. She mounted them till her eyes were level with the upper flooring.

"There is a rope," uttered Constance. She could see it dangling amid a heap of wreckage piled up in the center of the loft floor. The heap seemed to move. A moan issued from the heap.

"Oh, surely somebody is there!" panted Constance. "It looks as though someone climbing into the belfry had brought down a part of it upon himself. He may be dying under all that wreckage. Courage—duty!" she whispered to herself and approached the motley pile.

Constance lifted board after board from the heap. She quivered as a human arm was revealed. Gently she pulled aside a heavy timber. She thrilled. Beneath, apparently unconscious, lay a bruised form. In a flash she recognized the face. It was that of the young man whose portrait she had seen in the deserted house.

Albion Russell opened his eyes. He stared askance at her. He managed to sit up. She aided as he strove to move the debris from his lower limbs.

"I fell," he said faintly, "or rather the lower part of the belfry broke with me."

Constance helped him down the stairs. He moved limply, but the color came back into his face gradually.

"I have to thank you all the days of my life," he said. "I feel still weak—if I could get to the nearest house—"

"Our own," decided Constance promptly. He was the son of the man her father regarded as his deadliest enemy, but humanity, interest, pity moved her to a signal resolution.

"I must rest," he finally said, and he sank to a fallen tree by the wayside, "whom is it I must thank?" And Constance told him her name. She noted a glad eager light come into his eyes.

"How fortunate! It is destiny!" he cried, and awakened new emotion seemed to impart strength. She sat spellbound as he narrated to her the secret of his presence.

His father was an escaped convict. Discovered by a treacherous acquaintance, he had fled the country on brief notice and had sent for his wife and son to join him. They found him in a strange dazed condition, caused by a fall on shipboard. He had died only a month since. Once only, in a flash of coherence, he had remembered the thirty thousand dollars he had hidden in the old belfry.

So Albion Russell had come to find the money. It was now in his possession and restitution of his share was made to Robert Merrill that night.

And then the mother came back to the old home. And Constance consoled her loneliness. The crime for which John Russell had suffered was proved to have been nothing worse than acquaintance with the real culprit. Love and peace came to the troubled mother and son at last, and Constance shared these mutual blessings.

## WIFE SET A TRAP FOR HUSBY

Suspicious Helpmeet Most Effectually Cures Him of the Traditional Failing of Husbands.

The wife of a Dorchester man who had the traditional failing—he forgot to mail letters—has cured him. The mail is delivered at their home before the breakfast hour—which is comparatively late. One morning she said to her husband:

"Did you have any mail this morning, dear?"

"Only a circular," he answered, as he bit into a fine brown slice of toast.

"Hm," said wife. "By the way, did you mail the letters I gave you yesterday?"

"Sure I did," was the righteously indignant reply.

"Well," answered wife with an eloquent smile, "it's funny, then, you had no letters this morning, because one of those I gave you to mail was addressed to you—just as a sort of key."

—Boston Herald.

A power loom has been invented that is said to weave oriental rugs that so closely imitate the genuine hand-made ones as to defy experts.

# Mother Should Have a Vacation

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG



She Is Their Companion and Constant Source of Inspiration.

HAVE you seen that woman lately who you know her name—who is so devoted to her children that she has not left them for a single day in these many years? Did you again envy and admire her devotion as you used to? Or, now that you know something more about children and about mothers, did you rather pity the children—and the mothers?

At first thought it does seem so admirable that a mother, in her conscientious devotion, should be con-

## Mother's Cook Book.

### Spanish Rice.

Take a cupful of boiled rice, four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, four tablespoonfuls of sifted tomato, one teaspoonful of onion, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful each of chutney, mustard and curry powder, salt and a dash of pepper. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the onion and curry and cook for a few minutes. Add the rice, cheese, tomato pulp, mustard and chopped chutney; mix and beat well together. Season and turn into a baking dish. Sprinkle with browned crumbs and put into the oven to heat. Serve very hot with brown bread and butter.

### Raspberries in Snow.

Pour a cupful of cold water and a cupful of sugar over a package of gelatin, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and let stand until stiff. Add a cupful of boiling water and the juice of two lemons. Beat the whites of four eggs until frothy, add to the gelatin and continue to beat until white, when it is ready to set; fold in a pint of ripe raspberries, pour into a mold and set away to harden. Serve cold with whipped cream.

### Frozen Dainties.

Even a cupful of fruit juice may be combined with a little orange or lemon juice, some cream and sugar, and when frozen make a most delicious dessert for a hot day. Grape juice, one cupful, a tablespoonful of lemon juice to make the color more brilliant, and sugar to taste, with a pint of cream frozen, is the most delightful bit of color served in sherbet cups, and tastes every bit as good as it looks.

### Sponge Cakes With Fruit.

Hollow out small cakes, leaving a thin wall, fill with crushed fruit mixed with sugar, and top with sweetened whipped cream. Any fruit or berries preferred may be used.

### Good Things for Warm Days.

Rice lends itself in many ways to give us attractive dishes. The simplest of these is rice baked with milk. Two or three tablespoonfuls of rice added with the same amount of sugar and a little salt to one or two quarts of milk, with or without raisins, and baked in a slow oven for three or four hours, makes a most satisfying pudding, good for little people as well as their elders.

Nellie Maxwell

## Birds That Talk

In England more than in this country we find birds that are taught to talk. The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie and the jay may all be trained to imitate sounds and to utter words and even sentences distinctly; but more familiar to most people are the talking birds of the parrot tribe, which acquire the gift of speech in far greater perfection than any other of their species. The voice of the parrot is also much more human in its tone; the raven is too hoarse, the jay and the magpie are too shrill; but there are modulations in the parrot's notes when speaking that are sometimes absolutely uncanny in their weird resemblance to the "human voice divine." This superiority is due to the construction of its beak, its tongue and head. The parrot, too, has a wonderful memory, and rarely forgets what it has once thoroughly learned.

## Wise and Otherwise

Go ahead and find out whether you are right, and you will save lots of valuable time.

Polish is not necessary to enable a man to shine in society—if he has the coin.

sion in search of new strength and new spirit. The co-operation of relatives and neighbors would seem to be as welcome and as available when there is a reasonable purpose in view as when there is grief or dismay to be relieved.

In thinking of the beneficial effects of an occasional vacation, we must not let ourselves accept this as a satisfactory compensation for years of monotonous and colorless drudgery. The vacation should not be a substitute for a life's program that has in it enough variety to insure constant freshness and interest, but it should supplement such a program. The mother who has some serious occupation in affairs not directly connected with her domestic problem is likely to that extent to be a better mother. Even where a woman is obliged to do all of her housework in addition to caring for her children she is likely to neglect them so much that she will come to them a little fresher than she would if she gave them all of her attention. Of course, for mothers in this situation there is the danger that they will be too tired physically to give up the energy that profitable companionship with children requires.

We must find ways for mothers to have "vacations," for a little while daily, and for complete relief at longer intervals. In the meantime, the overburdened mother should realize that her sense of duty must be guided by an intelligent appreciation of the needs of her children.

### Woman Cooks for Front.

Five hundred more women have been accepted by the British war office as army cooks and will soon be sent to the front to join 1,500 others who have been satisfying Tommy's appetite. These women wear khaki, live in camps and barracks, mess, draw rations and are the nearest approach the army has yet seen to Thomasina Atkins.

## There Are Trades That Cure As Well as Some That Kill.

A great deal is written about trades that kill—for instance lead poisoning in the potteries, "phossy jaw" in the match factories, and so forth—but few people are aware that there are many trades which are medically recommended by the profession on hygienic grounds.

Thus, men who lay asphalt in the streets rarely suffer from a day's illness, while those employed in places where a large amount of electricity is generated enjoy a surprising abundance of vitality.

Workers in salt mines enjoy almost complete immunity from rheumatism.

The healthiest occupation for all is said to be that in the American petroleum works. Here the men never suffer from sore throats, diphtheria, quinsy, or kindred ailments. Indeed, petroleum fumes are so good for the throat that it is quite common for sufferers from throat affections to "take the fumes," just as people "take the waters" at Harrogate or Bath.

A well-known tenor who was in danger of losing his voice once took on a job in one of the petroleum refining rooms as an ordinary employee, with the result that he was soon able to resume his work on the concert platform.

Which reminds us that singing is excellent for consumption. Sometimes it assists as a cure, but it is nearly always effective as a preventive.—Answers.

## Lingerie Frocks Worn.

There is an effort being made to make lingerie frocks fashionable again by some of the fine dressmakers. Now that laces and embroidery are in again this seems to be the moment. Some lovely frocks are seen made of finest white batiste with heavy French embroidery in very high relief and combined with flounces of eight or ten-inch fillet, or lace of the valenciennes type. The loose fenelle collar, attached to a wide shallow decollete, and made of lace lightly wired, is generally seen on these frocks.

## Organdies in High Favor.

Some of the loveliest frocks of the summer are of organdie. Organdie lends itself well to the billowy effects in fashion and yards and yards of the crisp, sheer fabric go into ruffles, flounces, puffs and shirtings for the new organdie dresses. An organdie frock for a young girl has a skirt eight yards around, tucked from hem to belt by hand; the bodice is also tucked across to match and the sleeves are little puffs with hand-hemmed ruffles. The complete effect is delightfully girlish and charming. There is youthfulness also in a second organdie frock, a model with rows of shirring around the hips. Only a slender, girlish figure could stand this very bouffant frock, with its full, gathered waist drawn down into a tiny ribbon sash. The sash is violet in color.

## BABIES MUST BE MOTHERED

Have Natural Desire, Which, Not Being Gratified, Has Been Known to Cause Death.

In discussing measures directed toward the prevention of infant mortality, Dr. S. G. Moore of Huddersfield, England, a specialist in hygiene and sanitation, told the Royal College of Physicians in London of a poor mother who was taken with her triplets to a hospital, where the babies died one after another. The mother never took any interest in the babies, showed no anxiety about them, nor even grieved at their death, which led Doctor Moore to the following comment:

"When, notwithstanding everything that was being done, the last baby seemed likely to die, I said to the nurse: 'Whatever is the matter? How is it that nothing seems to answer?' In a manner which showed that she had solved the problem, she replied: 'The child has never been mothered, and babies need mothering.'"

"I had frequently heard similar expressions of opinion, but there was something in the circumstances, or perhaps in the tones of the nurse's voice or in her manner, which caused me to realize as I had not formerly done the importance and significance of what the nurse called 'mothering.' No doubt robust infants can survive in its absence, but, on the other hand, it is well to recognize the fact that there is an inherent instinct and appetite in the young mammal to huddle and nestle against the mother's body and to receive warmth and nourishment therefrom.

"This experience has led me to believe that in all cases these things are necessary for the well-being of infants, and that there may be certain cases where the lack of them determines the balance against the infant, even to the extent of causing its death."

## DAYS OF EXTRAVAGANT DRESS

Empress Eugenie, Who Boasted She Never Wore the Same Costume Twice, Has Many Imitators.

It is true that the cost of woman's dress has so increased that it is not given to the many to be as truly elegant as their grandmothers were able to be at comparatively small cost. But then, those were the days when an elaborate ball gown consisted of yards of flounces of tulle or some other light and uncostly material.

Empress Eugenie, it is said, never wore the same gown twice. She it was, by the way, who made Worth, the renowned Paris couturier, famous. The great luxury in those days was to wear several ball gowns during the course of a single ball. Dressing rooms were provided and the ladies retired, to reappear resplendent and as fresh as at the beginning of the evening. The gowns of the day, which were flimsy of train, and spread by crinolines, suffered much from an evening's wear; hence these wasteful ways.

There is a tale of the lovely Empress Elizabeth of Austria which recounts her appearing at a function in a white tulle gown, flounced and ample, decorated with garlands of real camellias, and changing both gown and camellias every now and then, to preserve the impression of absolute and uncumpled freshness.—Vogue Magazine.

### China Is Planting Trees.

The American commercial attaché at Peking reports that the gospel of tree planting is spreading in China, the New York Tribune states. And Arbor day, the truly great invention of the late J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, once secretary of agriculture, has been added to the calendar of public festivals. With characteristic frugality, however, the Chinese combine the observance with their ancient one, "Ching Ming," when they visit the graves of their ancestors—corresponding a way to our Memorial day.

No country is more in need of trees than China. It has been styled the "foremost nation." In one of ex-President Roosevelt's conservation messages photographic views were printed to show the desolation of a great part of the Chinese domain, where in ancient times there had been trees and streams.

No trees, no water—that theory of forestry is rather well substantiated. And without water there can be no life. China is commonly spoken of as a densely populated country. But, in fact, the density is in a small part of the vast area, more than ninety per cent of the population occupying one-third of the land.

To restore the forests to any considerable part of China would call for persistent planting and cultivation over a long period. But a hundred or even a thousand years would not seem long to the Chinese.

### Thoroughly Tested.

A candidate for aviation in France is subjected to severe tests. He is submitted to violent and unexpected shocks, such as the sudden explosion of flashlight powder, a revolver shot, or a douche of ice water and similar unpleasantnesses. A tambour registers, under these conditions, the degree to which his hand trembles. Nerver, strange to say, was about the most sensitive candidate that came before the Aviation School, and now he is the most daring and successful.

### Costs More.

"I've tried to teach my boy the value of money."

"Good thing!"  
"Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he wants a quarter."—Life.

## FEARLESS MOVIE STAR



Helen Holmes.

Film actress, whose feats of daring portrayed on the screen have made her popular among movie fans throughout the country.

## Big Hats Alluring.

Almost all women are heartily glad that larger hats are the fashion. There is a mysterious allure about the big shady hat which shadows the face that is wonderfully softening and becoming. To young faces the new hats which curve deeply down at each side make really bewitching frames, especially when they are of some dark color and lined underneath the brim with some soft and delicate tint such as egg-shell blue, oyster pink or the pale putty shade that has proved so valuable for the purpose. Never has there been such a catholicity of choice. For, according to your requirements and what becomes you best, you can have either the close-fitting swathed toque, the tall, practically brimless hat of Cossack frame, surmounted by a cockade or a chon of ribbon, the dainty drooping Watteau or Dolly Varden. The charming and less exacting bell shape, or the great "cart wheel," always dear to the feminine heart—and head.

## Ten Health Commandments.

1. Keep windows open day and night.
2. Do not spit.
3. Breathe through the nose by keeping the mouth shut.
4. Drink pure water.
5. Eat slowly, take well-cooked meals, and cultivate regular habits.
6. Wear loose clothing of reasonable material.
7. Take regular open-air exercises in sunshine if possible.
8. Wash whole body at least once a week.
9. Work, but do not worry.
10. Get house drains certified by sanitary authority.—Elizabeth Gregg in Health.